

July 22, 1944.

Letter No. 67

2nd Lt. Amon G. Carter, Jr., U. S. Army,
American Prisoner of War #1595,
Interned at Oflag 64, Germany,
Via New York, N. Y.

Dear Cowboy:

We have been hopefully looking for a letter from you as the last one was dated May 10 and arrived here July 4. Meanwhile, as previously stated, we had received the letter that you wrote Mr. Piskorski in Lisbon, which was dated May 25. Meanwhile, Mrs. Poteet just called up and stated that she had received four letters and cards from her husband dated May 3, 11, 25, and 29, so this gives us four days' later news from you than we had previously had.

Max Bently with his wife and daughter were in to see me the first of the week, making inquiry as to when we had heard from you. Max's son-in-law, 1st Lt. William K. Kerfoot, is located in your same camp. I think since April 25 of this year. I am sure you have met him. If not, look him up and tell him I had a nice visit with his wife and father and mother, who incidentally, are some of my very old friends from Abilene, Texas.

C. R. Smith was in town with his brother, Bill, who has been overseas for the past two years. C. R. was enroute to somewhere in the Pacific. He wanted to know all about you and asked me to be sure and send you his best regards. He had dinner with Larry Allen and me one night in New York.

There is nothing particularly new that has happened since I wrote you other than I had a letter from Tom Hardin, who you recall used to be a pilot for the American Airlines. He is now in the Far East occupying an important position. I sent a package by him to Dr. Walker's son-in-law -- Josephine's husband, which unfortunately he was unable to deliver due to the fact that Josephine's husband happened to a serious tragedy. Tom is sending me some very interesting flags from Burma and China. He asked how you are getting along and to be remembered to you.

I have just had a nice letter from Webb and his wife thanking us for the wedding presents. I think Webb is resigning his place as an instructor and taking one with more activity. Dick Walker is expected to go over any day.

Ruth, Katrine, Carl and everybody at the house are getting along fine. Little Bill Blocker had his appendix removed a few days ago at St. Joseph Hospital and is doing all right. Hettie has picked up a good deal of weight since she returned home and it looks as though she is going

to be in fine shape. I wonder how your bridge game is coming along. You had better, if you have a chance, learn to play gin rummy. That game is all the rage now. In fact, you will see 10 or 12 tables at the Club at noon playing gin rummy and maybe only one game of bridge and dominos. By the way, I forgot to mention to you that the Club held its Fifty-ninth annual meeting Tuesday, the 11th of July and your Dad was elected President again for the 25th consecutive term. We now have a membership of 1002 and they are coming in regularly, as the Club is airconditioned and is one of the best eating places in the city. I felt rather proud of the election as I received all of the votes except eight in the entire list. J. Lee Johnson just bought a membership for J. Lee, Jr., who by the way, wrote me a letter from the same place where you and I spent Thanksgiving together, in which he asked me to send him a Shady Oak Farm hat to give to one of his friends located in the port. I sent it over a few days ago by Jim Hall.

I have been making some more investments for you, which I think will be pleasing to you. I offered your sister, Ruth, \$500.00 for her cat, but she declined to sell it. Our purpose was to get the cat out of the house. Meanwhile, we are having Tom Byrne build a cat house for the young lady outside of the house.

Bill Lay is getting along fine and has not married yet. He is still providing his guests with the same kind of quarters you referred to in your previous letter, although they are very comfortable at this time.

C. R. Smith saw our mutual friend who gave you the box of cigars in England recently and he is now located in the Mediterranean and he asked all about you and to be sure and give you his regards. His co-partner, who works for another company in a similar line of business, is still located in the same place where I was at the time we spent Thanksgiving in England. The friend who sent you the cigars has another friend, who is also an old friend of mine, who accepted his former position, from whom, incidentally, I received a letter from a few days ago asking how you are getting along.

We are taking Dr. Terrell, Katrine, Ruth and Carl out on your boat next Sunday. Bertice is coming over Saturday, August 12, and we are giving her a birthday party on your boat. The lake is fine and the water is now stationary at the spillway where they keep it all the time.

I went out with Mr. Hare and Katrine last Sunday and we drove and walked all over the Carter-Meacham Ranch. I am having Mr. Hare, who is the landscape gardner, work out some plan as to how the property can be advantageously cut up and sold for country or summer homes. The property consists of about 3,300 acres, which has nine miles of shore front on the lake.

Mildred Dreschel's husband just caught a seven pound big mouth bass and a four pound small mouth bass in White Lake, which we are going to have for dinner tomorrow night.

Greer Hardwick is trying to get transferred into a more active position. Captain B. D. Pickett of 3409 Jennings Avenue was in to see me. He was formerly stationed at P.G. 21, Cheti, Italy. He states that he used to know you. He met you out at Eagle Mountain Lake. He

is back here on a visit and came in especially to ask me to send you his best regards. In fact, there are so many people who ask me about you it is difficult to keep track of all of them. Anyway, it should make you feel good to know that so many people are interested in your welfare. It certainly makes your Dad feel good.

I went out on another hunting trip out where C. Magendie used to be located and killed another bear about the same size of the last one. I am saving all of these hides for you as I am sure you will be very much interested in them. In fact, the hunting has been so good there that I hope to get three or four more before the first of the year, all of which should be pleasing to both you and Ruth.

I hope your packages have been arriving and that you and all of the boys are getting along in good shape. Remember what Dad always tells you about being a good prisoner, causing your guards and captors as little inconvenience as possible and do everything they ask you with a smile, and as I have often said, remember they are not responsible for the present conflict and that you will probably make a lot of good friends during your internment in this camp. It would be a nice thing for you to invite some of your guards to visit you at Shady Oak Farm when the present difficulties have been settled satisfactorily to all concerned. Don't forget what Dad said about the police dogs. Always stay friendly with them and they will never bother you as long as you follow the regulations and make a good prisoner of war.

We are finally shipping the pecan crop that we gathered on the farm last fall. Sarahbeth and Katrine are busy making out the list which consists of about 400. Practically all of them will receive a five pound bucket of these nice, delicious, soft shelled pecans and a few special friends will receive 16 pound buckets. I wish there was some way we could send all of you a few hundred pounds. I am sure they would be enjoyed by all of the prisoners as well as your guards.

I hope you are fine, and every time my private telephone rings at home in the morning before I come to the office, I am hoping that I will have a call from Katrine or Sarahbeth telling me that I have a letter from you which they always read to me and we have them photostated and mail your mother a copy. The weather must be getting more pleasant by now and I hope your garden is getting along fine. The last time we heard from Jean she was fine and anxiously awaiting another letter from you. I hope you have received more of her letters.

Heaps and Heaps of love from all of us,

Affectionately,

Mrs. Day
P. S. Lt. Ralph E. Crawford, Prisoner of War #4175, interned at Oflag 64, has a sister living in Fort Worth. Her husband called up last night to ascertain how to send prisoner of war packages. It seems that Lt. Crawford's mother had been handling the packages, however she was out of the city and her daughter was trying to find out. I asked her to call Mrs. Deakins this morning and she would give them all of the full parti-